

The Randall County News

By Chas. K. Needham
L. B. Christman, Managing Editor

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Contributors Notice.

The editor of this paper is anxious to receive, from time to time, communications from its readers, but we request that all such communications be signed, not for publication, but that we may know the source from which the article comes.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The News will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Railway Time Table.

MAIN LINE, WEST BOUND.
No. 27 to Clovis, 11:41 a.m.
No. 118 to Carlsbad from R. C., 12:00 a.m.
No. 74 Local Freight, 10:57 a.m.

MAIN LINE, EAST BOUND.
No. 28 from Clovis, 11:00 a.m.
No. 114 to Kansas City, 10:10 a.m.
No. 74 Local Freight, 10:57 a.m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, NORTH B'ND
No. 28 to Amarillo, 12:00 p.m.
No. 94 Local Freight, 10:45 p.m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, SO. B'ND.
No. 27 to Plainview, 11:15 a.m.
No. 94 Local Freight, 10:30 a.m.

Trains No. 27 on the Main line leaving Canyon City at 2:30 p.m. is made up here, and Train No. 28 on the Main line arriving from Clovis at 10:10 a.m. at this place.

Local freights and trains Nos. 27 and 28 don't run on Sunday.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for the respective offices, subject to the action of the voters at the Democratic Primary to be held on July 23rd, 1910.

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE 17TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

J. N. BROWNING.

A. S. ROLLINS.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

HENRY S. BISHOP.

E. T. MILLER.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

J. C. HUNT.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

W. D. SCOTT.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR.

R. H. SANFORD.

J. T. SERVICE.

WORTH A. JENNINGS.

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK.

M. P. GARNER.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

W. J. FLESHER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

P. H. YOUNG.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

G. G. FOSTER.

T. V. SLACK.

WILL CAGLE.

C. L. DANIELS.

CYRUS EARMAN.

O. C. DAVIS.

H. J. CAVET.

M. M. WESLEY.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 1.

HENRY J. WEBER.

W. J. REDFEARN.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 2.

T. F. REID.

E. W. NEECE.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 3.

W. S. COOK.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 4.

M. S. PARK.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

W. J. REDFEARN.

PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANT.

From time to time a great deal has been said about patronizing your home merchant, and it can also be stated truthfully that it is one of the many subjects upon which too much can not be written or printed. An exchange truly remarks that this is the season when the thoughtless searce the pages of illustrated catalogues of the mail order houses, becoming impressed with the beautiful half-tone pictures and the brilliantly written description of the article and send their cash away for it.

It is also a peculiar fact that so many men who claim to have the welfare of their town at heart and make lots of vociferous chin music by way of boosting, at the same time send to mail

order houses for many of their purchases. That is a strange way in which to produce home development!

We make the venture that nine times out of ten if they would take the pains to look over the stock of the home merchant, they could find a better article for the same money and deposit the sum that they would expended for freight, expense of handling, to their credit in the bank.

Another fact should not be lost sight of, it is the man who accommodates the people in the town and the outside community in which they sell goods, he is certainly the one to be honored with their patronage. It is sometimes true that some articles quoted in mail order catalogues, seem, at first glance, to be cheaper than those made or sold at home. Then there is also the fact that much of the stuff sold by the catalogue houses, soon go to pieces in a very short time, which fact is many times overlooked by those who have caught the mania for buying away from their home town.

The out of town purchaser also loses sight of the fact that the goods are constructed for appearances only, and that this deceptive item alone is the means by which all or most of the mail order people are making great fortunes, while with the home merchant, the reverse is true.

In our opinion the greatest of all reasons for patronizing home industry is, that the home merchant pays taxes where you live and send your children to school. He helps build churches and public schools, and helps maintain them, whereby your children are educated, advocates and helps make success of all civic movements. It might be briefly stated that the money that he realizes from profits of the sale of goods which go over his counter, greatly aids in transforming his town and yours from a barren waste into a place of prosperity and attractiveness.

These facts alone should open the eyes of those people who continually patronize the mail order houses, who never contribute one cent to any of the local causes and who care very little about the community outside of the revenue that they derive from that community in the way of cash. There are many other good reasons for patronizing your home merchant which we will not at this time stop to mention, but let it be understood that it is best to stick to your home merchant and all pull together with him.

Canyon City and Lubbock are soon to vote on sewerage and water works bonds.—Hale County Live Wire.

We can hardly make ourselves believe that the Hale Center Live Wire has been like the Rip Van Winkle of old, who, it is said, slept twenty years, and when he returned many changes had taken place since his departure. Canyon City has had her sewerage system installed also the water works so long that it is simply a matter of history. We have as complete and good a system as will be found anywhere on the Plains and at a cost as reasonable as will be found. The tank pressure is over sixty pounds to the square inch all the time and the quality of the water is of the finest.

Notice to Commissioners Court.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners' Court of Randall County will convene as a Board of Equalization on Monday, June 27, 1910, to hear reasons of tax-payers, if any, why their renditions for taxes should not be raised.

Mrs. R. A. McCartney of Amarillo spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. Carl Coffey.

THE MICROBES.

But For Them All Green Plants Would Vanish From the Earth.

Few persons can realize at first what an immense number and variety of microbes there are not only around us in the air and dust and water, but also in us and on us and in and on every living thing. The work, the huge system of chemical change and the circulation of the elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and sulphur—which they carry on is incessant, varied and complex. Those five elements are the main and essential constituents of all living things. Supposing there were no microbes, there would be no putrefaction, no breaking down of the dead bodies of animals and plants which were once alive into gas and substances soluble in water.

They by a series of steps in which different kinds of bacteria or microbes are successively concerned convert the proteins and the fats and sugars of dead plants and animals into less elaborate bodies, organic acids, aromatic bodies and other compounds (some highly poisonous to man), and at last, when what were highly complex combinations of hundreds of atoms in each molecule have been reduced by the action of first one and then of another kind of microbe into comparatively simple substances of twenty or thirty atoms to the molecule, the coup de grace is given by certain special microbes, which convert these later compounds into still simpler combinations—namely, ammonia and nitrates, which are fairly stable, so that the whole elaborate chemical fabric of living matter in a few hours or days after death is broken down until it reaches the stable "mineral" condition, practically carbonate and nitrate of ammonia—smelling salts.

If there were no microbes this would never occur. The earth would be cumbered with the dead bodies of past generations of animals and plants—undecomposed. And very soon all the organic elements, all the carbon and nitrogen, if not all the hydrogen and oxygen, on the face of the earth would be fixed in these corpses, and the green plants would perish from the whole world for want of sustenance. For it is the green plants which feed on and absolutely must have as their food the carbonic acid, ammonia and nitrates into which the microbes resolve all living things when dead. It is the green plants which from those simple compounds build up again the more complex molecules, the sugars, fats, albumens and proteins and provide for the nourishment and increase of the most complex of all—the living matter hidden in protoplasm.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

The Perverse Comma.

That curious and now stereotyped blunder of punctuation which gives us "God rest you, merry gentlemen," as an inferior substitute for the quaint old greeting, "God rest you merry, gentlemen," turns up regularly every Christmas. It is a pity for the ancient formula to be thus perverted since "God rest you merry" or "Rest you merry" was a recognized form of salutation in Elizabethan days and may be found in the works of Shakespeare and of many contemporary writers, while for the modernized form, which obscures the original sense of the phrase, there is, of course, no authority whatever. If any one will have the curiosity to look up the old Christmas carol which begins with the words in question he will find them correctly punctuated.—London World.

Alaskan Glaciers.

An interesting fact about Alaskan glaciers is that some are "dead" and others are "alive." Davidson glacier, which is really a tongue of the Muir glacier, has been ascended by travelers for a number of years. It is a dead glacier, having a moraine of several miles between it and the sea. Looking at it from the boat, it represents a kaleidoscopic appearance as the sun shines upon it, and the surface seems scratched with tiny pin lines. These are in reality deep crevices, which must be approached cautiously, for they are lurking pitfalls for the unwary.—Vancouver Providence.

A Man of Straw.

Many years ago in England men could easily be found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required, and some of these persons walked openly in Westminster hall with a straw in one of their shoes to signify they wanted employment as witnesses. This was the origin of the saying, "He is a man of straw." But the custom has high antiquity. A writer in the Quarterly Review says that such were common in Greece.

One on Him.

"Pardon me," said a gentleman at the entrance to a downtown restaurant. "I have something on you." "And may I ask what it is?" "My hat!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Point of View.

"What part of the railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man. "The dining car," answered the dyspeptic.—Washington Star.

Desolate.

Lawyer—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board? Uncle Ephraim—Not exactly, boss. She dun tuk mah bed an' bo'd along wif her.—Puck.

"Fight today's temptation as it comes" is good advice. And if it seems to be only trifling fight it is harder.

It Came Handy

By ROCKFORD KING

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The history of gold mining regions repeats itself. First we have the land worth from nothing up to a few dollars an acre. Then some one digs a hole in the ground to put in a post, scoops out a cellar for a house, or something like that, and finds in the dirt taken out indications of the precious metal. He doesn't say anything to anybody, but goes off and gets it assayed. The report being favorable, he lets it be known that he has gold or his property. Those who strike indications pre-empt claims and organize companies with a few dollars capital, most of which is spent for printing certificates of stock. Every foot of the ground in the vicinity is staked out for miles, which cross and recross one another at every conceivable angle. There are thousands of these pieces of paper, nearly all worthless.

When the Clear Creek region of Colorado was in such a stage as this a man whom I shall call Peter Anderson, a young lawyer from the south, settled in Denver and hung out his shingle. He had a very frugal, patient wife, who was a real helpmate to him. She never permitted anything to be wasted, no matter how little value it possessed, and when her husband rallied her on saving worthless things she would say cheerily, "It may come in handy just in the nick of time."

The principal law practiced in Colorado at that time was with the revolver; consequently Peter Anderson found little practice in his profession. But money was easily borrowed, and the Andersons managed to keep body and soul together by small loans. The husband found it dull sitting in his office waiting for clients, so he spent most of his time in a neighboring billiard room playing pool. He told his wife that this was a good way to make acquaintances and thus get business. She said she thought he was right.

The members of such communities are inveterate gamblers. Refreshments and the price of the game were to be paid for by the loser. In addition to this, the players, all of whom were possessed of worthless mining stocks, would put them up to be absorbed by the winner. A number of these certificates came into Peter Anderson's possession, but none of them ever found their way back to the persons from whom he won them. Every night after he had gone to sleep his wife would get up, search his pockets, take out what mining shares she found there and lock them up in an old trunk she kept in the garret. She never looked at the names of the companies they represented or bothered her head as to their value. Indeed, they were worthless or they would not have come so easily into her husband's possession. Every night his pockets were searched and emptied, but in the morning he would not miss his loss. If his wife had taken a few coins he might have noticed it, but mining stocks were quite a different matter. When he went round to the billiard room in the evening he would think that he had won some shares the night before, but finding none in his pocket, fancy he had been mistaken. He was a very good pool player and had no difficulty in borrowing a few shares to begin on. Usually he would win, pay off the loan and go on playing on his own capital. If he left the place with stocks in his pocket, the next morning they would be deposited, as usual, in Mrs. Anderson's trunk.

But the pool players didn't bring Anderson any law business, and the wolf was continually snarling about his door. However, the wolves in such communities are usually coyotes, comparatively harmless, for any man will give or lend any other man if he has anything he doesn't need at the moment. Nevertheless Anderson's condition was not attractive, and except when he was playing pool he was very dispirited.

One day there was a big strike up on Clear Creek. A mining company had opened a vein that paid many hundreds of dollars to the ton. Peter Anderson when he went home that night told his wife about the strike, remarking, "Oh, how I wish I had some of the stock of the company!"

"I think you have, dear," said Mrs. Anderson, and she went up to her trunk and brought down an armful of mining share certificates. The two sorted them, tossing them when examined on the floor in their eager hunt for the one they coveted. Presently they came to a ten share certificate which alone would keep them for awhile. Then a fifty share turned up, then another ten, then a hundred, five hundred—indeed, all denominations. It was a good while before they got through the accumulated pile. When they did they figured up shares in the lucky company sufficient to give them a fortune of half a million dollars.

When the excitement of the find had died down a bit Anderson asked his wife where she had got all the certificates. Then she told him that she had robbed him of them, thinking that some of them might some day come in handy.

Anderson strolled downtown the next day, sold a few shares of his stock and went about paying small debts. That was the last of his playing pool for mining stocks, for he found plenty to do. The day came when he was sent to represent his state in the United States senate.

PAY YOUR BILL WITH A CHECK. THEN YOU HAVE A CHECK ON YOUR BILL.



Those who have never had a bank account know not the convenience of one. Each check you write is a RECEIPT; you know just how much you are spending; you've always "got money," and you can't lose it if deposited in

The First State Bank.

HUGH S. MAXWELL
VETERINARIAN

I am the only graduate located in or near Amarillo. I have an auto, and can answer calls in Canyon City in about forty-five minutes, "Night or Day."

Phone 864. Res. 603 Jackson St., Amarillo.

A & M College

The regular session of the A. & M. College of Texas closed June 14, and the second session of the Summer School will open June 20, and will close July 30. The work of the summer session comprises three divisions: (1) The College, (2) The School for farmers, (3) The Summer Normal Schools.

In this School for Farmers are offered courses in farm management and equipment, creamery management, soils and fertilizers, corn and other cereals, classes of cattle, breeding, feeding, judging, cotton classing, etc.

In the Summer Normal School are offered courses in all the subjects covered by the examinations for State certificates.

The law requires that agriculture be taught in the public school. Teachers will find in the Summer Normal School the opportunity to fit themselves for this work.

All courses are open to men and women on equal terms.

The instruction of teachers for the work of teaching agriculture in the public schools, and the course in cotton classing will be made a special feature of the summer session.

The Houston and Texas Central and the International & Great Northern Railways have made a round-trip rate of one and one-third fares for those attending the summer schools. Tickets will be on sale June 18, 19, 20, and will be good until July 31.

Students in the Summer School will be assigned to rooms in the dormitories and will take their meals in the mess hall. A separate dormitory, in charge of a matron, will be set apart for ladies and married couples. The rooms are supplied with single beds, mattresses, tables, washstands and chairs. The student should bring with him bed clothing, towels and other articles for personal use.

The following charges will be made for maintenance: board and lodging, \$4.00 a week; laundry (20 pieces) and lights, \$1.00 a week; janitor service, 50c a week.

The College is situated at College Station, in the county of Brazos, and is 350 feet above the sea level. The Houston & Texas Central and International & Great Northern Railways run through the grounds. Students should take trains arriving in the daytime.

The water furnished is from a well 600 feet deep. This depth insures its purity and prevents contamination.

Students in the Summer Schools will have the use of the library and reading room, of the laboratories and of the shower baths. Those interested will have the opportunity to inspect the College farm, the herds, barns, silos, dairy, creamery, apiary and experimental plots.

How to Kill Flies.

To clear a room of flies, carbolic acid may be used as follows: Heat a shovel or similar article and drop thereon 20 drops of carbolic acid. The vapor kills the flies.

A cheap and perfectly reliable fly poison, one which is not dangerous to human life, is bichromate of potash in solution. Dissolve one dram, which can be bought at any drugstore, in two ounces of water, and add a little sugar. Put some of this solution in shallow dishes, and distribute them about the house.

Sticky fly paper, traps and liquid poisons are among the things to use in killing flies, but the latest, best and cheapest is a solution of formalin or formaldehyde in water. A spoonful of this liquid put into a quarter of a pint of water and exposed in the room, will be enough to kill all the flies.

To quickly clear the room where there are lots of flies, burn pyrethrum powder in the room. This stupefies the flies when they may be swept up and burned. Bulletin of American Civic Association.

W. B. Armstrong and wife of Italy, Texas, arrived in Canyon a few days ago and are visiting at the home of their son, J. W. Armstrong and family who reside in the west part of the city.